THE KING DRINKS.

BY ROBERT BARR.

ING JAMES V of Scotland had decided to explore the country of the MacLeods, and, assuming an incognito he had with his friend MacDonald gone far into the highlands and met many adventurers. Old Allaster MacLeod, the undisputed lord of Skye, learned of the two strange visitors to his realm and an invitation, accompanied by an escort of horse, was taking them to his stronghold,

The procession began its march amid the cheers of The procession began its march amid the cheers of the people and a skirling of the pipes. The distance was little more than seven leagues over a wild, uninviting country. MacDonald sat his horse dejected and silent, for the prospect confronting him was far from alluring. The king was incognito, he was not; and he had begun to doubt the wisdom of having given his actual designation to the people of Skye, for the relations between this island and the mainland were at that time far from being of the most cordial description.

The party had accomplished little more than half the distance, when, as they fronted a slight elevation, there came to them over the hills wild pipe music. louder than anything of that kind the king had ever

The MacLeod is evidently about to welcome us in

"The MacLeod is evidently about to welcome us in state," said His Majesty to MacDonald; "he must have the very monarch of pipers in his train."

On reaching the brow of the hill they found there were from thirty to fifty pipers, but they evidently bore no greeting to the travelers, for the musical party was marching in the same direction as themselves, playing vigorously as they swung along. At the instance of the king, MacDonald made inquiries regarding this extraordinary spectacle. The tacitum comstance of the king, MacDonaid made inquiries regarding this extraordinary spectacle. The tacturn commander of the guard answered briefly that it was the College of Pipers. The students were marching back to Bocraig on the other side of Follart, where instruction in piping was bestowed by the MacRimmon; this excursion over the hills giving them training in piping and tramping at the same time. The musical regiment took its way straight across the moors and so very soon was lost sight of by the two travelers, who kept to a track which was more or less of a road.

In due time the cavalcade reached Dunvegan cas-In due time the cavalcade reached Dunvegan cas-tle, and even a man accustomed to so stout a fortress as that of Stirling could not but be struck by the size, the strength and the situation of the frowning strong-hold; yet, extensive as it was, its proprietor evidently found it inadequate for his ambitions, as he was now building a massive tower, which added a further dig-nity to the structure.

nity to the structure.

The king and his companion were received at the front entrance by an old man, whom each at once knew could not be their host, for his back had originately arough, though now slightly stooped knew could not be their host, for his back had originally been straight enough, though now slightly stooped through age. Their aged conductor spoke no English, so the burden of conversation fell on MacDonald. As soon as MacDonald perceived that he and his friend were to be separated—the king lodged at one end of the castle and himself at the other—he protested against the arrangement, demanding two adjoining rooms. The old man replied that he was following instructions, and if the rooms assigned were not satisfactory his master would doubtless change them on the morrow.

'But, my good man," expostulated MacDonald, "we

"But, my good man," expostulated MacDonald, "we expect to be leaving the castle tomorrow."

"In that case," replied their cicerone with a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders, "it makes but little difference for the night."

The king, inquiring into the purport of the discussion, quite agreed with the elderly guide that the matter was of small moment.

"If our genial innkeeper intends to murder us," he said, "we shall be quite as helpless together as separate, for he has irrestible force at his command. We're fairly nabbed, but the old gentleman who has us in thrall can make nothing by ill using us. Sooner or later he must divulge his plan, whatever it is, before the can benefit from it, and when he does it will be time enough to consider what course we are to pursue." Then, turning suddenly toward their guide, who had been standing motionless during the conversation, the king said sharply in English: "Is your master at home?"

The old man made no reply, but looked at MacDonald, who repeated the question in Gaelic and received He says the laird is at home. He has no Eng-

"I wasn't just sure of that, so I tested it by an abrupt question, thus locking the door after the horse was stolen, for we have spoken rather him, and have proved ourselves in the beginning very poor conspirators. However, I care little what the next move is so long as it brings us something to eat, Clear your gloomy brow, Jamie, and tell them in the most culirary Gaelic that this is not a fast day for us, and the ride across the moors has increased our ap-

After sufficient time had elapsed to allow the travelers to remove the traces of travel from their persons they were summoned to a small room, where they found a most welcome and substantial meal set out for them. A generous flagon of wine stood by each trencher; it was the first the king had had an opportunity of tasting since he left his capital, and he seized upon e measure with some eagerness. "Here's to the MacLeod!" he cried.

'I drink to the king and good luck to him!" said

MacDonald.

"I drink to anything, so long as the wine is sound," rejoined His Majesty, enjoying a deep draught.

"Egod, Jamie," he cried, setting down the flagon again. "that's better claret than we have in Stirling."

"There is no reason why it shouldn't be excellent," replied MacDonald, "for the laird's own ships bring it direct from the coast of France to the coast of Skye, and there's little chance of adulteration between the two."

it. The country is swarming with poor, miserable,

suffering billionaires, sitting up nights trying to stop

the leaks through which money pours in overwhelming

torrents into their exchequer. The pumps are manned drop with exhaustion, but, it spite of all they can do, higher, higher, ever higher rises the by faithful crews day and night until they wellnigh

higher, higher, ever higher, rises the tide of gold until we shall soon see that devoted band of money-makers submerged in the sea of wealth, hopelessly flounder

ing about in a frantic Tantalus effort to reach the ever-receding shore of penury and want."

fn?" asked the Idiot. "Really, Mr. Whitechoker, are there no short cuts to penury and want that these very estimable billionaires can take if they honestly want to get there? I know a few little by-paths that lead to the empty pocket which I shall be very glad

to place at their disposal for a very slight considera-

'It is, indeed, a fearful struggle," sighed Mr. White-

Will somebody kindly lend me a sleeve to laugh

When the repast was finished the aged man, who When the repast was finished the aged man, who had received them at the door, entered and announced that MacLeod of MacLeod was ready to greet them in his study. They followed him and were ushered into an oblong room, somewhat larger than the one they had left. The king was astonished to find the walls lined with numerous volumes, some of the temes massive in heavy binding. As books were not over plentiful, even in the realms of civilization, he had not expected to find them in a corner of the world so remote.

Mote.

Allaster, the hunchback, sat by the side of a huge oaken table, and he did not rise from his chair when his visitors were presented to him, either because he wished the better to conceal the deformity which gave him his nickname or because he did not consider his guests of such importance as to deserve a more courteous reception. He addressed them in excellent English, and the king constituted himself spokesman for the occasion.

"I understand," began MacLeod, "that you have honored my poor rugged island of Skys with your pres-

ence for some days."

"The honor, sir, has been ours, replied the king with an inclination of his head. "I was visiting my friend from Cleat will do a like obligement for yourbarge, so we came over to see it."

"This is your friend MacDonald of Cleat then?" ence for some days.'

"Yes. May I have the pleasure of presenting James MacDonald to the MacLeod?"

The two highlanders, one sitting, one standing, bowed somewhat distantly to each other as the king, with a flourish of his hand, made the introduction.

"Perhaps," continued MacLeod suavely. "your friend from Cleant will do a like obligement for your-

"Ah," said MacLeod, turning again to the farmer, h's eyes partially closing, examining the other with more severe scruitiny than had previously been the case. "He was at liberty to come and go as he pleased

"As free as air, sir; otherwise how could he have visited my slight holding and thus become acquainted I thought perhaps he had met you in the courtyard

of Stirling with a sack of corn on your shoulder The king laughed heartly at this.

"I said a small farmer, certainly, but I am not quite so unimportant as you seem to imply. I have a better horse to carry my corn than the one that carried me The laird ignored this disparagement of his cas-

tle. "You'come to Skye, then, to see the king's boat, of which you have heard favorable report? The news of her seems to have traveled very quickly."

"Indeed, and that's true," said the king complac-tly. "Information spreads rapidly in the High-

lands."

"It seems to spread to the Lowlands as well. You heard the king's proclamation perbaps?"

"Yes, we heard the pronouncement."

"It's possible you come from the fleet?"

"No. We came overland."

"Had you heard of the fame of Malcolm's boat before you left Stirling?"

"I did not say we left Stirling. As a matter of fact, we left the small village of Doune, some miles to the north of it, and at that time had heard nothing either of Malcolm or his boat."

"Hum!" ejaculated the laird, rummaging among his papers on the table. The king, glancing in the direc-

The frown on MacLeod's countenance deepened, and

The frown of MacLeou a confidentation desperate, and he said harshly:

"You two gentlemen probably know the fate of spies when they are captured. Their fate is a short shrift and a long rope."

"And quite properly so," rejoined the king promptly.

"I am glad that you are so well informed, and need no instruction from me," commented the Crottach, with menace in his tone.

Suddenly the king's manner changed, and the air of authority which was natural to him asserted it-

"MacLeod of Skye," he cried, "this discussion and beating about the bush is interesting, but nothing at all to the purpose. You are hinting that we are two spies, and I tell you there are no spies, and can be no spies on this island."

no spice on this island."

"I have only your word to set against my own doubts," said MacLeod.

"My word and your doubts are both aside from the purpose. Your mind has become confused. Unless you are at war with James of Scotland there can be no spies either in the domain you hold under his hand nor in the kingdom over which he rules. Are you a said that want king Mayleod of Skye?"

rebel against your king, MacLeod of Skye?"
"That I am not," answered Allaster hastily, and

with evident discomposure.

"Very well, then. You see the absurdity of an argument on espionage. MacDonald and I have as much right on the island of Skye as you have, because it is part of the Kingdom of Scotland, and we are loyal if humble subjects of His Majesty."

"You are not come here, then to report on the con-

"You are not come here, then, to report on the condition of Skye?"
"We came here of our own free will; the messengers of no man, and we are to report to no man. If

consulted together for a time in the room of the former, but reached no definite decision. MacDonald urged that they should come to an understanding with their host at once and learn whether they were prisoners or free men, but the king held that Allaster should have time for thinking over the situation, which

should have time for thinking over the situation, which had been practically agreed upon.

"There is no hurry," he said. "Each of us is younger than Allaster, and so there is time to bide."

On being summoned to the great dining hall that night they found a company awaiting dinner numbering perhaps a score, all men. A piper was marching up and down the room making the timbers ring with his martial mustc. The MacLeod stood at the head of his table, a stalwart man, whose massive head seemed sunk rather deep between his broad shoulders, but otherwise, perhaps because his costume was cunningly arranged, there was slight indication of the deformly arranged, there was slight indication of the deform

ity with which he was afflicted.

When the eating was done with the servants placed three large flagons before their master and the two sat on either side of him. These they filled to the brim with with reservants.

with wine.

"Gentlemen," said MacLeod, "it is a custom in this castle that our guests, to show they are good men and true, each empty one of these flagons at a draught, and without drawing breath. Will you then accompany me to any toast you may care to name?"

"The wine I have already consumed at your hospitable board," said the king, "is the best that ever ran down a thirty man's throat, but if I supplement it with so generous and instant an addition I fear my legs will refuse their service, even if my head retain sense enough to give the command."

"That need not trouble you." said MacLeod. "for in

"That need not trouble you," said MacLeod, "for in the last hundred years no man has insulted this vint-age by leaving the hall on his own feet. There stand your legs against the wall, Guldman of Ballengeich."
The king, glancing over his shoulder, saw standing against the wall a row of brawny gillies, each two of whom supported a stretcher, whose use was at once

"Very well," cried the king to his host; "give you a suitable toast, MacLeod, and I will enter with you the rosy realms of the red wine."

MacLeod then stood up.
"I give you," he said, "the king of Scotland. May

he be blest with more wisdom than were some of his ancestors!"
This he repeated in Gaelic, and the sentiment was

received uproariously, for the wine was already making itself felt in the great hall.

If MacLeod had any design in offering this toast it did not appear on the surface, and if he expected a hesitancy on the part of his guests to do honor to it, he was disappointed, for each young man rose with the

"Here's to the king!" cried the one on his right,
"and may he imbibe wisdom as I imbibe wine." Then raising the flagon to his lips he drained it dry and set it with a crash on the table again.

MacLeod and MacDonald drank more slowly, but they ultimately achieved the same end. Then all seated themselves once more, and the drinking conseated themselves once more, and the drinking continued without the useless intervention of further talk. One by one the revelers sank under the table unnoticed by their noisy comrades, to be quickly pounced upon by the watchful stretcher-bearers, who, with a deftness evidently the result of much practice, placed the helpless individual on the carrier and marched off with him. This continuous disappearance of the feller repo him. This continuous disappearance of the fallen rapidly thinned the ranks of the combatants struggling

with the giant Bacchus.

The king had been reluctant to enter this contest, fearing the red wine would loosen his tongue, but as the evening wore on he found all his resolution concentrated in a determination to walk to his bed. MacDonald proved no protection. Early in the bout his unaccustomed head descended gently upon the table and he was promptly carried off to rest.

At last MacLeod and the king sat alone in the hall, that looked larger, now it was so nearly empty; and

that looked larger, now it was so nearly empty: and James, as a test of what sense remained to him, set himself to count the torches, burning more and more dimly in the haze of their own smoke. But he gave up the attempt when he saw that they had increased by hundreds and thousands, and were engaged in a wild pyrotechnic dance to the rhythm of the last match that had been played on the pipes. He swayed over toward his host and smote him uncertainly on the

"MacLeod," he cried, "I challenge you to stand, and I'll wager you I can walk further down the corridor with fewer collisions against either wall than any man

With difficulty the king rose to his feet, and as he did so the stool on which he sat, because of a lurch against it, fell clattering to the floor.

"The very benches are drunk, MacLeod, and the table sways like a ship at sea. That stool is as inse-cure as a throne. Rise up, if you can, and see if yours

But the MacLeod sat helpless, glaring at him from under his shaggy eyebrows. Seeing him stationary, the king laughed so heartly that he nearly unbalanced himself, and was forced to cling for support to the edge of the table. Then straightening himself

to the edge of the table. Then straightening nimself to excessive rigidity he muttered:

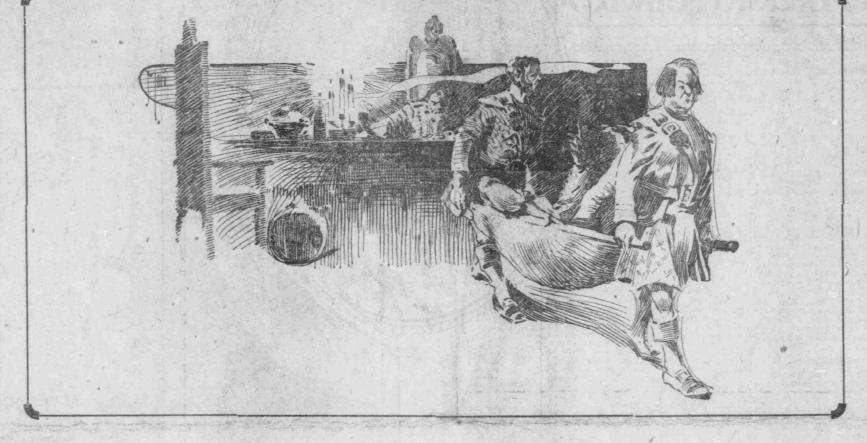
"Good night. MacLeod. Sit there and see the rule of your house broken by your —" If the next word were "monarch" or "king." it was never uttered, for as James made his uncertain way toward the door, the expert gillies, who knew their business, came up behind him, swooped the stretcher against his unreliant legs, and they falling instantly, he fell backward on the stoutly woven web between the two poles. There

was a guttural laugh from MacLeod, and the prone man. helplessly waving his hands, shouted:
"Unfair, by Saint Andrew, unfair! Curse the foe who attacks a man from the rear."

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Kendrick Bangs

By John



'I shall not put him to that trouble," said the king airily. "I am of such small account that it would be a pity to put upon a Highland chieftain the task of pronouncing. I am called the Guidman of Ballengeich, very much at your service, sir. "Guidman, meaning farmer, of course?" asked Dun-

"Meaning small farmer," said the king with a graceful inclination of the head.

The tones of the MacLeod had not been too cor-dial from the first, but they became less so at this confession of low quality on the part of his visitor. "You will forgive my ignorance, but where is Bal-

"It is a little steading near Stirling, but of more value than its size would indicate, for I am fortunate in possessing the custom of the court."

"You cater for the castle, then?" asked MacLeod Yes, in various ways." "Yes, in various ways."

MacLeod turned from his loquacious guest as if he desired to hold no further converse with him, and thus, however, crafty he might be, he convinced the king that the castle had no suspicion whom it held. MacLeod said abruptly to his other visitor, fastening his pierceing eyes upon him:

"I heard you were prisoner at Stirling?"
"Prisoner, sir!" cried MacDonald angrily, the red color mounting to the roots of his hair. But before he could speak further his garrulous companion struck

"What an absurd rumor! MacDonald a prisoner! I assure you that he was no more a prisoner at Stirling castle than he is at this moment in Dunvegan Castle."

tion of MacLeod's hands, saw spread out the charter which he himseld had signed, giving MacLeod tenure of his land, and beside it, as if this magnate had been comparing the signature, was the recent draft of the proclamation commending Malcolm MacLeod's boat. This document Dunvegan passed to the Guidman of

You know the king's writing, perhaps? Will you tell me whether this is, as I suspect a forgery?"

James wrinkled his brows and examined the signs ture with minute care. "I have seen the writing of His Majesty," he said at last, "but MacDonald here knows it better than I. What do you think of it, Jamie?" he continued, passing on the parchment to his friend. "Is this the real Macay, or is it not?"

"It is," said MacDonald shortly and definitely.
"You say that is the actual signature of the king?"

"You say that is the actual signature of the king?" inquired MacLeod.
"I could swear it is as genuine as the one on your

charter." replied MacDonald. "Well, now," said MacLeod, leaning back in his weil, now, said MacLeod, leaning back in his chair, "will you resolve a mystery for me? How his it likely that James Fifth ever heard of Malcolm MacLeod's boat? And if he did, do you consider it probable that an august monarch would compliment a Highland cateran's skill with the ax?"

"James is a douce body," said the king, "and knows more of what is going on in his realm than folk who think themselves wiser might imagine."

"You hint, then," said MacLeod, drawing down his black brows, "that His Majesty might have spies in Skye?"

Truth to tell, Laird of Dunvegan, it is more than likely," admitted the king, with an air of great can-

visit to Skye, I would answer him that I had met with the utmost courtesy; except from its chief. I would say that MacLeod of Skye was so ignorant regarding the usages of good society that he received us sitting down and never asked us to be seated—an error in politeness which I was myself forced to anyond. Was Donald plant yourself on that their hear and MacDonald plant yourself on that chair beside you. I will take this one."

MacDonald promptly obeyed the command, and the king seated himself, throwing one leg over the other and leaning back in comfort "Now, my Lord of Skye," he said, "have you any further questions to ask, or any additional hints to bestow upon your guests, at present in your sullen

presence upon your own invitation?" The chieftain regarded the king in silence for a few moments, then said without change of counte-

"By God! you may be a small farmer, but you are a brave man. You are the first who has questioned the authority of the MacLeod on his own ground. So the case being without prodent, one has to be made, and that will require some hought. We will postpone the question until later. I trust you will both honor me with your presence at dinner this evening, but if you prefer it, you may sup alone in your own apart-

"We are sociable travelers," said the king, rising, for the laird's words had in them an inflection of dismissal, "and we will have great pleasure in accepting seats at your table." Then, with a bow to the man who still remained

in his chair, the king and his comrade withdrew. They

FOR THE RELIEF OF THE MILLIONAIRE.

THE GENIAL IDIOT

HAT a terrible thing it must be," said the he was in it. There was science in that operation." 'He didn't drop a cent," said Mr. Brief. "What he Idiot, at the close of a discourse of some length from Mr. Whitechoker on the subdid do was to fail to pick up the \$4,925,000 you count ject of wealth, "to have so much money that no matter what you do you can't begin to spend

'If I've got my eye on a nice girl who I think is just the one to make my future home happy, and while I'm thinking it over, some other chap with similar ideas comes in, with the result that I have to send her a wedding present instead of endowing her with all my earthly debts. I guess I've lost the girl all right. Constructively perhaps, she never was mine, but if we only lost what we actually had these days, there'd be preclous little loss in the world. Croesus was out his \$4,925,000 in that transaction, whatever way you his \$4.925,000 in that transaction, whatever way you may look at it, and I know from the inside that he regards it as such. The brother-in-law of his cook's cousin is engaged to be married to the daughter of my uncle's valet's stepsister, and I have it as direct as that that ever since that time Croesus has been economizing. He used to go down town on the 'L.' but now he walks over to the river and takes his yacht to the foot of Wall street to save car fare; and instead of smoking a box of 30-cent citars a day as he used of smoking a box of 30-cent eigars a day as he used to, he's cut it down to ten two-for-a-quarters. I don't think, in view of recent developments, Crossus would be a good person for me to go to this year anyhow with "Why don't you get into communication with some of these sufferers?" asked Mr. Brief. "That's the thing to do. There's John W. Midas and J. Saltonstall Croesus, and John D. Monte Cristo, and Russell Green, and Tetty Sage, and dear old Andrew of Skihlbo-every mother's son and daughter of 'em. except the first 2000, worried to death with the constant increase of Getr w'alth: actually howling with grief because weir coal bins are full of gold eagles, their walls papered with government bonds, and nothing to keep the ever-increasing pile of it down, save an occasional flyer in their own stocks, and even that is just so much bread thrown upon the waters. If John W. Midas wants to die poor, really wants to die poor, doubtless he'll pay somebody to tell him how. Go to him. Mr. Idiot, with one of your brilliant schemes, and I'll warrant you he'll richly reward you. Or any of the others—if they truly seek penury and want, which they tell us is so desirable. I honestly think you are the kind of adviser who can get it for them."

"You can't get at 'em." said the Idiot. "You see most of those billionaires are already surrounded by a lot of fellows with schemes like mine. Look at the

"How about old Midas?" suggested Mr. Brief. "Try

'Nay, nay," said the Idiot, with a laugh. "Nay, nay," said the Idiot, with a laugh. "I like Midas too much to go to him on any such fool's errand as that. He hasn't whined about being rich. You've never seen him weeping at a public banquet because the good old days of \$2 a week have gone forever; he writes no brilliant essays to convince a man with seventeen children and an income of \$1.200 a year that life is a beautiful iridescent dream of luxurious opportunity; he doesn't appear before Sunday schools with plausible sermons at the end of his ready tongue to tell the children that money is evil and merest dross. tell the children that money is evil and merest dross ending with the brilliant peroration 'and now, my litending with the brilliant peroration 'and now, my little dears, we will take up a collection for the establishment of a school of arts in the Sulu archipelago, and to encourage you in well doing, let me pledge myself to give from my own purse \$1 to the fund for every \$15 raised by yourselves.' Not so with John W. Midas. He's rich and he's proud of it. Ask him the direct question, and he'll tell you that he'd rather have an automobile at his door than a wolf, and that when it comes to a choice between the old-time diet of \$3 a week and a Delmonico bill for \$38.50 for a little luncha lot of fellows with schemes like mine. Look at the case of J. Saltonstall Croesus in this international canoe trust business. He dropped the difference beweek and a Delmonico bill for \$98.50 for a little lunch-

eon for himself and a few friends, he trainly prefers the latter, even if it involves a tip of \$1.50 to the waiter in addition to the bill. There is only one symptom in John W. Midas' case as I have diagnosed it that indicates a desire on his part to lose his money?"

"What's that?" asked Mr. Whitechoker.

"He never turns his back on a game of poker," said the Idiot. "It's my honest belief that if Midas were on the top floor of a burning twenty-story hotel and somebody on the fire-escape on the way down through the smoke and flames were to propose a round of jacks he'd sit down on the iron ladder ten stories above the earth and safety, and call for the cards, and what is more, play the game with a Napoleonic serentry which not even a red-hot balcony beneath his feet could disturb. Glib humorists like to talk of the fete of an iceberg in Hades. I believe John W. Midas would be a seek representation in the second respective in the second respective. be a cool proposition in any climate, save that of the

north pole."
"And there?" asked the Bibliomaniac.

"He'd be a warm baby," smiled the Idiot. "Well, en, there are the others, Uncle Russell Green and then, there are the others, Uncle Russell Green and Aunt Hetty Sage. I haven't observed on the part of either of them any pronounced desire to enjoy a nauver's death, so you needn't ask me to call on them. Mr. Green has kept on putting and calling, putting out here, and calling in there, but with never a scolding for anybody, because he didn't lose money by it. Aunt Hetty likewise has uttered no complaints if after a heavy financial storm her cellar happened to be flooded with cash, or if she had to call in a plumber to stop a leakage of her income pipes which covered the bath room floor with uncollected coupons. All she asks, as I understand it, is to be left alone with her misery. I understand it, is to be left alone with her misery. If she suffers from a fatty degeneration of her bank account, she isn't calling for help at public dinners. If Mr. Green's financial leg is dropsical, he doesn't beg Sunday schools to relieve his suffering with a long pull, and a strong pull and a pull altogether, boys. So I believe in letting them alone. Whatever their trials may be, they seem to be willing to take them without a murmur. None of my schemes for them."

"There's only two left then that are doing this newling you complain of," said Mr. Bibliomaniac. John D. Monte Cristo and dear old Andrew of Ski-

"I'm not worrying about John D. Monte Cristo," said the Idiot. "I have an idea there is already in exsaid the idiot. I have an idea there is already in ex-istence what you might call a secret service band of faithful spenders who help him in the diminution of his surplus, and who keep his pockets from assuming that overbulgent aspect which sayors of ostentation. John D. Monte Cristo is all right, and while he is not going to the any poorer than anybody else, you can make up your mind that these stories about the constant accumulation of his wealth are grossly exaggerated. There are two factors back of Mr. Monte Cristo that will keep him as poor as he wants to be the rest of his life. In the first place he has a fad for running universities, and if there's anything that beats horse racing for big and persistent losses, it's running a university. A big institution for learning is a perfect sieve for cash, and when a man has two or three fect sieve for cash, and when a man has two or three of them on his hands, he needn't lie awake nights worrying over what he shall do with his surplus. Last year Mr. Monte Cristo endowed enough chairs at the year Mr. Monte Cristo enlowed enough character and if the dormitory figures I have seen are accurate, he had provided bed rooms enough to house posterity for the next 300 years. In addition to this little fad. Mr. Monte Cristo plays golf, and if his case is anything like my own, he has found by this time that what ready cash his other interests do not take, golf uses up, and a little more into the bargain."

"Then what in thunder is all this talk about billionaires trying to get rid of their money? It all seems to resolve into a case of the Lord of Skihibo," protested the Bibliomania

"That's about the size of it. He's the only one "That's about the size of it. He's the only one who has cried conspicuously for help," said the Idiot. "Mr. Monte Cristo has warned us that wealth is by no means a blessing, and he has been consistent in trying to scoop it all in for himself, in order that the poor may not be cursed with it. But the Lord of Skihibo actually seems to be panicky on the subject, and I don't blame him. When a man has to charter a steam plow to get the coupons off his bonds, and has 400 bales of certified dividend checks delivered at his front door in a postofice van every morning, no wonfront door in a postoffice van every morning, no won-der he crice for help. Think of finding such a mail as that on your breakfast table. Mr. Bib. It requires the services of sixteen valets, four maids and a head waiter to remove it from the dining room, during waiter to remove it from the dining room, during which operation the gentleman's flap-jacks grow frigid and his egg and coffee lose their charm. He can't throw these cheeks out of the window because if he did, he'd be arrested by the street cleaning department for littering up the highways with paper. If he started in to tear them up, it would take him forty-eight hours to do the job, and a day has only twenty-four. To endorse them properly for deposit requires a corps of twenty assistants with rubber stamps working twelve twenty assistants with rubber stamps working twelve hours each day; and a deposit slip five miles long has to be provided and made up every morning, and sent in twenty cylinders, each as big as the driving wheel of a locomotive, to the Nervous Prostration National

bank, where this unfortunate man keeps his wealth. bank, where this unfortunate man keeps his wealth, He can't walk two blocks without earning \$100,000. If he takes a drive in the park, while he's gone from the work of distribution half a million accumulates on him, and if he goes to bed at 10 o'clock at night and sleeps eight hours, it is with the certain knowledge that when he wakes up thrre'll be a dozen more tons of gold on hand to harass his mind and vex his soul. Is it any wonder then that he's worried?"

"I guess a few libraries scattered here and there enable him to maintain his equilibrium," said the Bibliomaniac. "He's been exceedingly generous in that respect."

'He is exceedingly generous in every respect," rethe is exceedingly generous in every respect," retorted the Idiot. "No sane person questions that. It is his deplorable plight that concerns us and which I, for one, would like to help relieve. That library scheme was very effective to begin with, but it can't go on forever, and I happen to know from a burglar friend of mine who broke into the suffering billionaire's house one night and saw him at work, that the aire's house one night and saw him at work, that the

aire's house one night and saw him at work, that the old gentleman is positively haggard looking over the map for new towns to give libraries to, and on this special occasion was heard to say to his secretary that the only thing left to do if the library plan was to go on, was to found a lot of new towns to put 'em in. 'Outside of the Philippine islands,' he said, 'there isn't an available site left in this vast empire.'

"He can go luto university work—" began the Poet.

"That's Monte Cristo's field," said the Idiot. "So he's barred. These people have mapped out their special outlets and as a mere matter of common politeness they're not going to infringe on each others' territory. There's honor among billionaires, Mr. Poet, and the etiquette of the situation is strict' a observed. Monte Cristo has his universities, Croesus his hospitals, Russell Green his extravagance in dress, the Lord of Skisell Green his extravagance in dress, the Lord of Ski-hibo his libraries, and Midas his big poker games, and not one would venture into the field of the other." Then what would you suggest?" demanded Mr.

The incorporation of the National Skihibo Insti-"The incorporation of the National Skihibo Institute for the Distribution of Cash," said the Idiot. "Let the sufferer transfer all his property to this incorporated institution leaving himself penniless, and giving the institute a free hand in the systematic blowing in of the whoic business."

"But what would he live on?" asked the Poet.
"The institute could make him its honorary president on a salary of \$10 a week," said the Idiot. "That would put some of the penury and want he so greatly misses within his reach."

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